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S W I S S

T O U R .

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proposed

Miss Chapman
with the Author's Compl.
hoping it may revive
some pleasant reminiscences
of last summer's Tour
in Switzerland.

Newington
May 18th 5

Erratum

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ADVENTURES
WITH MY
ALPENSTOCK AND KNAPSACK
OR, A FIVE WEEKS' TOUR IN
SWITZERLAND,

IN 1874,

With some Notes on Paris, Strasbourg, and other places,

BY

ALFRED CARR.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell.
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone, o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:—
This is not solitude. 'Tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her store unroll'd."

"The true traveller is unselfish. Though to him it is food, breath, a renewal of his existence to travel,—half his pleasure is to carry home from his wanderings, to an English fireside, a tale of other lands."

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1875.



INTRODUCTORY.

“WHEN thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travels,
Make me partaker of thy happiness.”

Shakespeare.

A MAN instinctively raises his hand to ward off a blow, and in the same manner does an Author instinctively write a Preface to ward off criticism. The latter is my present plight. Many people who venture forth in the frail bark of Authorship encounter an adverse current of public opinion, and eventually make shipwreck from misapprehension of their aim and purpose. Before, therefore, my reader enters on the perusal of this little *brochure*, let me first premise that I have made no attempt at describing the glorious scenes to which I have referred. MESSRS. TYNDALL, WILLS, CHEEVER, MISS BREMER and a host of others well occupy that ground in a style I could not hope to emulate.

It certainly appears a bold thing to publish and circulate (even privately amongst one's own friends) a journal, at the present day, regarding a country, every nook and

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corner of which has been ransacked by numberless tourists, and about which all valuable and interesting information has been recorded—still I find at least *one* excuse for my temerity—that is, the partiality (if I may so call it) of my friends, whose interest will be called forth by the following pages, because they know and may-be are interested in the Author.

Many years ago, before the days of the enterprising MR. COOK, travels in various countries were written for the information and benefit of those who never went from home, to give them some idea of the natural scenery, &c., of these countries. *Now*, a number of those who will read this book have perhaps been travellers themselves, and so it may be that to them a slight reminiscence of what they have seen, while it adds nothing to their information, may nevertheless be not unacceptable and uninteresting, as recalling to their memory, with more or less vividness, impressions which during their own wanderings have given them so much pleasure.

In introducing this little volume to those who will take the trouble to glance through its pages, it may be necessary to acquaint them with its origin and aim.

It consists of notes made whilst travelling in Switzerland, which notes I enlarged on my return home for the sake of my family and friends, but being pressed

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by them to "have it printed," on the score that it might possibly interest others outside my own immediate circle of friends, I consented to do so. With reference to its aim, as I said before, I have made no attempt at writing a descriptive Guide Book, but just wish to place before them a plain "unvarnished" account of my tour, such as I might relate by my own fireside in a friendly chat, and in that form I hope it will be accepted.



CHAPTER I.

YORK TO PARIS.

"The tree tops now are glittering in the sun,
Away, 'tis time my journey were begun."

July 14th, 1874. I left "Old Ebor" on Tuesday, July 14th, by the 6-45 a.m. train for London, arriving there at noon, made a few calls, had a peep at S. Paul's, and took the 6-20 p.m. train for Dover, and walked the plank into the "Maid of Kent" steamer about 10 o'clock. It was a lovely night, and the comet was unusually brilliant. We arrived at Calais at 12 o'clock, and immediately made our way to the Buffet, where we had a good supper and left at 1-50 a.m. by the first-class express for Paris. We had some very pleasant companions, a lady and gentleman and their nephew, who were also bound for the French capital. One gets so quickly acquainted with people in travelling by land or sea, especially is it the case when *en route* for foreign parts. The stiffest or shyest Englishman melts or seems to gain confidence before he gets across the Channel, and becomes as civil and communicative as a foreigner. On a journey I never wait for introductions, there is always some pleasant remark to make or some information to give man or woman, and we get acquainted in a few minutes. Why should people go through the world

keeping their distance from their fellow-creatures and losing all the benefit or amusement of their society?

July 15th. At seven a.m. we entered the Paris station of the Northern Railway, and immediately made our way to the Gare de Strasbourg, where we deposited our luggage, had a good wash, and ate a hearty breakfast, and then walked down the Boulevards as far as the Madeleine. After loitering about for a few hours, we took an omnibus to the station in time for the 4-20 p.m. train for Strasbourg.

“Enchanting Europe, where all smiling France
Gives laws to fashion, graces to the dance,
Pleasure, fine arts, each sweet and lovely face
Form the chief worship of thy happy race.”



CHAPTER II.

PARIS TO STRASBOURG AND BASLE.

“ Away, nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain path to tread ;
And many a varied shore to sail along.”

As I have described the scenery on the line between Paris and Strasbourg in a preceding journal, it is no use detaining my reader with a detailed account in the present chapter.

I never remember having experienced a more disagreeable nocturnal journey than the one from Paris to Avricourt, the heat was intense and the railroad so dusty, that I can assure you, we were not sorry when we arrived at the latter place, where we quitted our dusty carriage to await the arrival of the train to convey us to Strasbourg.

July 16th. We arrived at Strasbourg about 8 o'clock a.m., and went straight to the magnificent Cathedral, with its beautiful spire, 574 feet in height. We were there as the clock struck and witnessed the great clock scene within the Cathedral. This clock is an extraordinary piece of mechanism, having in itself a whole troop of images, which take their part in a procession at the appointed hour. It not only indicates the time, but

it is a complete astronomical almanack, and shows the day of the week and month, and name of the month of the year, also the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, &c. After witnessing the performance of the clock, we took a stroll round the town, and left for Basle shortly after 1 o'clock, arriving there about 7. I again patronized the Hotel des Trois Rois. After some refreshment, which we had on a balcony overhanging the beautiful Rhine, we went to bed, and as the two previous nights had been spent in travelling, we were very tired.

July 17th. Next morning, after breakfast, we went out to reconnoitre the town. After strolling through two or three of the principal streets, looking at the shops, with dreadfully bad glass in the windows, we made our way to a terrace, near the Cathedral called Die Pfalz from whence we had a fine view up and down the Rhine. The Black Forest was also visible in the distance. The Cathedral is a fine old building, built of red sandstone, the spires of which are said to be the highest in Switzerland.

After walking round the Cathedral and cloisters we returned to our Hotel, had some luncheon, and left at 2-15 p.m. for Lucerne.

After a very pleasant ride we reached Lucerne, which was looking as lovely as ever, but unfortunately the Righi and the other mountains surrounding the Lake were almost entirely enveloped in cloud, only very small portions of them being visible. I again selected the Swan Hotel as our resting place for the night, and after introducing ourselves to its worthy landlord, and securing

rooms, we went for a walk to see the "Lion," Cathedral, and other sights of the town, and then "turned in" to dinner, which meal, as is generally the case at this excellent hotel, was a very good one. After dinner we promenaded under a fine row of trees, (which are planted close to the Lake,) listening to the enlivening strains of a band which was playing for the amusement of the numerous visitors. We then returned to our hotel, when my sister went to bed, I puffed a cigar on a sort of balcony in front of the Hotel (from which there was a good view of the lake and surrounding mountains which were illuminated by lightning) and finally retired to rest about 10-30 p.m.



CHAPTER III.

LUCERNE TO MEYRINGEN.

“Through many a pleasant place
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace ;
Yet, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.”

July 18th. Next morning I rose about 6 o'clock and went to see the Kappelbrücke (or Chapel bridge, so called from a Roman Catholic Church or Chapel which is situated at one end of it) a long and quaint looking wooden bridge, and looked up at the extraordinary pictures overhead, and down into the swiftly flowing Reuss, which, like a Venetian canal, flows between the houses built down into its waters. I next took a peep into the Church of the Jesuits, but there was nothing particular to examine, another peep at the gigantic “Lion,” and then back to breakfast, and by 10 o'clock we were on our way up an arm of the lake (under the shadow of Mont Pilatus) to Alpnach, which is a small but pretty village of about 1500 inhabitants, but has nothing other than a neat little Church to demand special notice. About 11-15 we started in a one horse char *en route* for Meyringen. Passing through six miles of beautiful

scenery, which (as a certain prominent Swiss traveller very properly remarks) does not receive half the praise it deserves, we reached the lovely little lake and town of Sarnen. Here we were pestered (as I had been on a former visit) with troops of beggars and fruit girls. This district seems overwhelmed with them. We had a very nice luncheon and then resumed our journey. Although full of beauty, no point seemed to demand special attention until we reached the lake of Lungern, which, independent of its magnificent situation, is remarkable for having been tapped or drawn off to a great extent, by the energy of the people of the district. It lies high, with but a slight border on one side to hem it from the valley, and fear being excited lest it should burst its banks and inundate the district, it was resolved to partially drain it, hoping that the land thus exposed might pay for the labour expended, 500 men gave 19,000 days of free labour; £5,000 was expended in material, and at last a tunnel, 1,390 feet long, was carried up to the bed of the lake, and in ten days it sank to the level of its mouth. We stayed at Lungern about three-quarters of an hour, had some tea and a chat with the worthy landlord of the "Hotel du Lion d'or," (whose acquaintance I made last year 1873) (and whose excellent and most comfortable little Hotel I wish to recommend to all my friends who may happen to stay a night at this charming village) and then left for the Brünig Pass. This route is generally chosen as a preparation for crossing the Great Scheideck, Gemmi and other passes of greater altitudes, and that the grandeur of the objects by which you are surrounded may

gradually increase until it culminates in a view of the great Monarch himself. We soon commenced the ascent. The road, which is a very good one, wound round the slopes of the mountains, the rocks in some places overhanging the entire width of the path. Here and there we had glimpses of the vales of Lungern and Sarnen, and their placid lakes and the route we had been traversing during the morning, until, arriving at the Col or summit of the Pass, new and grander scenes opened upon us. The beautiful valley of Hasli burst upon us in all its magnificence. Far away down lay the village of Meyringen, our night's destination, and here and there dwellings scattered and half hid among the luxuriant foliage of the trees. On every side cascades were leaping into the streams that intersect in every direction the cornfields and orchards, which here being sheltered from the north winds are most flourishing and productive. Almost opposite to us were the magnificent falls of the Reichenbach, and behind them the Great Scheideck Pass (to cross which we had planned as our Monday's excursion,) and far away for a glorious background the snowy tops of the Eiger, the Wetterhorn and the Faulhorn. Having descended to the foot of the Pass, we crossed the valley and entered the village of Meyringen. Passing through a long street of rustic looking houses, we came to the "Hotel du Sauvage," where we intended to stay until Monday morning. After a good dinner and a rest, I walked as far as a bridge over the river Aar and saw this beauteous valley under another aspect. The modest stars had stolen forth, and the moon had illumined the distant peaks, throwing her veil of soft

light on those "gigantic regal barriers of nature" and revealing new features to the eye. Two or three groups of villagers were standing under the projecting eaves of their romantic looking houses, all ready to bid me a courteous "Gute Nacht," as I returned to my quarters for the night. But my day's work was not yet done; having promised to play the harmonium at the services in the English Church next day, I thought it best to have a short practice, a few ladies kindly proffered their assistance in forming a choir, so we went into the Church and had an hour's singing and then off to bed.

"There I slept

And in my dreams wandered once more, well pleased.

But now a charm was on the rocks and woods

And waters; for methought I was with those

I had, at morn and even wished for there."

July 19th, Sunday. Rose at 4 a.m., and took a long walk to see a beautiful gorge on the Handeck road, and then returned to breakfast. After breakfast it was time for morning service. The ground for the pretty little Church which is in the garden of the hotel was given by the landlord for the convenience of his guests, and his being the principal Hotel, many people make a point of spending Sunday there because of the certainty of Divine Service being decently conducted. After service, I walked with a very nice young fellow I had the good fortune to meet with, to the falls of the Reichenbach and then to the falls of Alpbach, which are on the opposite side of the valley. The latter falls have been the cause of great danger to the district. Before making its leap into the valley

the torrent flows over a soil easily disintegrated and washed away, and when swollen by rain or snow it rolls along like a stream of mud with pine trees and even blocks of rock carried in its stream. We went back to our hotel, after seeing these very pretty falls and had luncheon, it was then time for afternoon service, but as the congregation consisted only of the Clergyman, the Sexton, and the "*Organist*," the service was not performed. After a short nap, I took another walk which gave me an appetite for my dinner, after which I sauntered through the village. One striking feature of this Sunday evening walk was the turn out of the villagers and servants of both sexes, especially women, who were standing about in the main street dressed in their Sunday attire. They were very neat and clean, and wore the pretty German-Swiss dress which is worn by the females in this and the neighbouring Cantons, a black bodice and stiffly-starched sleeves as white as snow ornamented with silver-washed chains passing under each arm and extending from the back to the bosom. Their necks adorned with beads and other ornaments, and a peculiar head-dress gave them an extraordinary though smart and very interesting appearance. When it was dark, we witnessed the illumination of the Reichenbach falls, which was remarkably pretty, the falls were bathed first in a red then in a green light, which had a singular but very fine effect. Having to rise early next morning, we went to bed early. Although in a certain measure, that day had been a rest day, still I was tired enough to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

MEYRINGEN TO GRINDELWALD.

“If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget ;
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep ;
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.”

July 20th. Monday morning found us seated at an early breakfast, we took leave of this lovely spot with many regrets, *en route* for Grindelwald by the Great Scheideck Pass. At 6 o'clock we started with my friend of the preceding day, who, with his father, a jolly old clergyman, and his mother, was going to spend a few days at Grindelwald. These travelling acquaintanceships are often very agreeable, a solitary tourist may be almost sure of somebody going his way for a while.

The ascent of the first 2,000 feet was rather steep and rugged, the footpath lay here and there over blocks of rock and clayey soil, and as it had rained there a few days before, it was very slippery. It tested my powers a little, and though apparently only a short distance, occupied about one hour and a half. We then diverged from the path to see the famous falls of the Reichenbach.

These falls make five distinct leaps, the upper and first leap is the finest of all. The approach to it is fenced in and a wooden chalet erected which we were invited to enter, paying half a franc each to see the torrent. The conversion of this beautiful work of nature into a peep-show was somewhat trying to our temper. From the falls our path lay on the side of a beautiful gorge, the mighty rocks dying away on either side into the distant mountains, whilst beneath us, all the way in its dark deep bed, dashed the mountain stream hasting on to its leap in the valley. Numerous waterfalls were streaming from the heights in every direction, one of which is called the Ropefall, from its great height and its steady slender stream. On every hand we could not but be struck with the profuse richness and beauty of the Alpine flowers which enamelled the grass and even skirted the snowy slopes,—daisies, violets, anemones, primroses, and especially the lovely Alpine rose, which was very plentiful, and many other flowers which were quite new to us. At various points of our progress were remarkable echoes, and at one place we came upon a mountain herdsman with what appeared to be a log of wood about nine feet in length, but which proved to be an Alpine horn, a tube formed of pieces of pine wood tightly bound together. He placed the larger end on the ground and the smaller to his mouth, and blowing till his cheeks seemed ready to burst, elicited from his rude instrument a cadence of a few notes which reverberated and re-echoed from cliff to cliff, rock to rock, and peak to peak, till they died away in the far distance. We soon got within view of the fine peaks of the

Engelhorn, Wellhorn and Wetterhorn. Ere long, our path, which had been a continuous ascent, subsided to a level and then descended towards the Hotel and Baths of Rosenlauri. Here we rested for a while, had some light refreshment, and then resumed the march. After another hour's walk we reached a collection of chalets where cheese-making is carried on. I was much interested in watching the various processes connected with the art. The last ascent to the ridge of the Great Scheideck was now before us, when we arrived at the summit (6,500 ft.), the view amply repaid us for the walk. The rich green valley of Grindelwald, studded with wooden houses, surrounded by gardens and patches of wheat, hemp and flax, seated in the midst of the grandest scenery, the glaciers dipping from the mountain side right down to the village, and the snowy heads of the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg and the Eiger, with their sides covered with beautiful firs, completed a picture of Alpine scenery of inconceivable magnificence.

There is a nice little inn at the top of the Pass; here the equestrian portion of our party dismounted, and sent their horses back to Meyringen, and we got some luncheon. After an hour's rest we all started on foot, and soon seemed to approach the glaciers of Grindelwald. These descended on our left from the great sea of ice which lies among the higher peaks. They are both very beautiful, tossing themselves up in what looks like great frozen waves close to the very hay fields. The contrast between the grass and the ice, two great features of Swiss scenery, was very marked. After a steep descent of two hours and a half over the stunted grass which was

quite as trying to our muscles as the ascent, we came to a little chalet opposite the upper or smaller Grindelwald Glacier. My friend and I left the main route and visited the Glacier, we went into one of its magnificent ice-caves and then regained the mule-track lower down. Though not so clear as Rosenlauri, which is one of the most beautiful of its kind, yet its transparent azure walls and vast ice blocks, well repaid us for so short a divergence from our way.

We soon reached the village of Grindelwald, and put up at the "Hotel de l'Aigle Noir" which is a genuine Swiss inn, roomy, and has two *dependences* almost each as large as the main building. It was in one of these *dependences* it was our lot to be placed for the night. After an hour's rest it was dinner time, to which meal, as is generally the case with pedestrian tourists, we did ample justice.

After dinner we had a walk in the garden (which almost stretches down to the great glacier) and a chat with our friends and then went off to bed.



CHAPTER. V.

GRINDELWALD TO INTERLAKEN.—ASCENT
OF THE ZÄSENBERGHORN.

“Above me are the Alps
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers round their summits.”

July 21st, Tuesday. I had given instructions to be awoke at 4 o'clock, as we intended crossing the Wengern Alp or Little Scheideck Pass to Lauterbrunnen. But I was aroused at 3 a.m. by the rain which came pattering against my window with great force. It continued until about 8 o'clock, so we gave up the idea of the Wengern Alp, as the clouds were so low as to quite cover the tops of the highest mountains, and there was a white body of mist floating over the valley, so I decided, if possible, to spend the day on the ice, to cross the Mer de Glace, as far as the Zäsenberg Chalet, and time and weather permitting, to descend the Zäsenberghorn. We left the inn at Grindelwald at 8-80 a.m. in a drizzling rain which, as a beginning,

rather sought to damp my energies. In about an hour the rain cleared away and the sun stole gently out, with every prospect of a change of weather. Before ascending to the Mer de Glace we went into a beautiful cavern, similar to the one seen the preceding day, only not quite so lofty. It is so strange to see these glaciers close to human habitations, side by side with verdant pastures, flowery meadows and blooming gardens. Close to this glacier, haymakers were then busy with their crops the ice almost reaching the hayfield itself. Here June and December meet and peacefully pursue their course. On one side of a haycock one might hide from the rays of the sun, whilst on the other you might perish in a crevasse or be frozen to death in one of the many ice caverns which abound. The Eismeer or Mer de Glace is accessible by a tolerably easy path mounting by the right hand of the ice fall. This path is carried along very steep slopes immediately overhanging the glacier. We had to be very careful as a slip would have been attended by very serious consequences. After passing through some meadows, we crossed the torrent of the Lutschine descending from the upper glacier. The ascent then began through a forest which covers the west base of the Mettenberg. In about fifty minutes we reached a rocky point called Flüelenegg, thenceforward our path lay along ledges on the face of the rocks, but with care it is free from danger save to very nervous persons. A curious hollow in the rocks my guide pointed out in connection with a legendary tale respecting the giant, St. Martin. The Saint on some occasion is said to have seated himself on this side of the valley while he

drove his staff through the rocks opposite.' A perforation in the ridge of rocks descending from the Eiger proves the authenticity of the legend. Another hour's walk and then we reached the Banisegg. Here we had some refreshment at a miserable chalet, inhabited by a shepherd; this chalet commands a fine view of the glacier and the grand peaks that enclose it. As I wished to make a closer acquaintance with the new world here opened out before me, and the weather continuing fine, I resolved as at first proposed to extend my excursion as far as the Zäsenberg Chalet. Soon the path along the rocks came to an end above the ice fall. By the help of a ladder we descended on to the glacier. Now all traces of verdure had disappeared, and after an hour and a quarter's walking on the ice we reached the Zäsenberg Chalet, where persons spend the night previous to ascending the mountains which are accessible from this glacier, and it is said to be the last human habitation to be met with amongst the giants of the Oberland. On every side towered huge masses of ice of the wildest and grandest character, and the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps at some distance bounded the view. After lighting a fire and making some coffee, which we had taken with us and eating some very sour bread, we put on our snow spectacles and green veils, and started to make the ascent of the Zäsenberghorn, which is between 10,000 and 11,000 feet above the sea. In a few minutes we were on what is called the Ober Eismeer, which is cut up in all directions with huge crevasses. After half an hour's walk towards our mountains, we came to an enormous crevasse, which the guides told me

was 600 feet deep, this we had to cross, it was rendered more difficult by the opposite side being considerably higher than the side on which we stood, and to make matters worse the ladder was too short to be safely fixed. However the first guide attached ropes to himself and having fastened the same around my waist and arms, he ventured to attempt the crossing which he effected quite safely. It was now my turn. When just in the middle of the ladder, right over this dreadful gulf, I felt the feet of it giving way with a dull crunching sound, and it unfortunately slipped down. As the ladder turned sideways, with the sudden jerk, the rope attached to my right arm snapped in two and left me suspended by the other rope over this terrible crevasse, to have fallen down which, must have been certain death. However the guides had kept tight hold of the remaining rope, so they swung me back to the side from whence I had started, with nothing more serious than a severe shock to my nerves and a badly bruised arm. A little brandy soon set me on my legs again and the guides considering this point too dangerous to cross, we went in search of, and soon found, a much easier place. This time we all got safely across and by half-past two were on the summit of the Zäsenberghorn, the ascent of which had proved rather fatiguing, there being so much more snow than usual on the mountains. The view from the summit was very grand, scarcely anything visible but the icefields and the surrounding snow peaks which were very numerous. Looking towards Grindelwald and beginning on my left, the order of the principal peaks was, Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, Aletschhorn and

Glacier, Viescherhorn, Zäsenberghorn, (on which I was standing) Finsteraarhorn, Strahleck Pass, Schreckhorn, Mettenberg, Berglestock, Rosenhorn, Mittelhorn. After feasting on this magnificent view we descended to the Mer de Glace and returned to Grindelwald, by a short route, arriving there soon after 4 o'clock. I then packed my clothes, paid the guides and my hotel bill, and drove to Interlaken by way of the lovely valley of Lauterbrunnen and the Staubbach Falls, reaching Interlaken about 7 o'clock, just in time for dinner.

After dinner we called for some friends we had met with at Meyringen, and who were staying at the Hotel Ritschard, and we all went to the Kursaal, which seems to attract great numbers of people. It is a very elegant building and stands in very spacious and tastefully laid out gardens. Contiguous to this building is a large and very elegant music stand, where a first-class band was playing, and around which numbers of people were seated in front of small tables taking their coffee, ices and various other refreshments. After listening to the band for a short time we returned to our hotel, and I being, as you may imagine, very tired, soon went to bed.

Interlaken. Arrived 7 o'clock.



CHAPTER VI.

INTERLAKEN TO KANDERSTEG.

“The mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants looking through the sky.”

July 22nd. Next morning I rose about 7 o'clock, and wishing to see a little more of this pretty place, walked down its principal street and round the gardens of the Kursaal and then went back to the hotel to breakfast. Interlaken is the chief resort of the English in Switzerland, and is in fact quite an English colony, being centrally situated, it admits of excursions to all parts of the Oberland. Great temptations, too, are offered in the way of cheap *pensions* or boarding houses. It is finely situated, commanding a view of both the lakes of Thun and Brienz and behind the town rises the magnificent Jungfrau. Breakfast over, we started in a carriage for Kandersteg. After a short ride we came to the lovely lake of Thun, the road running close to its shores. The scenery on both sides of us was very pretty; on our right this charming little lake with its clear blue waters and on our left we got striking views of the Niesen and Stockhorn, two mountains, which are of considerable

height, though not capped with snow. One stands at the foot of the Gemmi Pass, and the other guards the entrance to the Simmenthal, a pleasing valley leading to Chateau d'Oex. When we got to Thun we left the lake to the right, and after crossing the river Kander, approached the base of the Niesen a remarkable pyramidal peak, everywhere conspicuous from the shores of the lake of Thun, and commanding one of the finest panoramic views in the Alps. Soon we turned to the right and mounted to a pretty village, from which we obtained a grand view of the lake of Thun and the castle of Spiez, which we had left behind us, and which were six miles distant. We soon came in sight of the peaks of the Blumli Alp and the opening of the Kien Thal and shortly afterwards arrived at the village of Reichenbach, beyond which we again crossed the river Kander and came in sight of the Rinderhorn, and soon reached Frütigen, a small but clean looking village situated in the midst of splendid scenery. Here we had luncheon, after which we went to the Church from which (being rather elevated) we had a fine view of the surrounding country. After an hour's rest we started on the road to Kandersteg. About one mile from Frütigen the scenery increased in grandeur, the mountains on both sides of us were clothed with forest firs, and we gained occasional glimpses of the snowy Alps, through openings in the range, until the Doldenhorn finally asserted its supremacy among the peaks that enclose the head of the valley. After a gradual ascent of about eight miles amongst lovely scenery we reached the charmingly situated village of Kandersteg.

We had, fortunately, telegraphed for beds at the Hotel Gemmi, otherwise we should have had great difficulty in obtaining accommodation, owing to the great influx of visitors, both from Thun; and Leukerbad, the other side of the Gemmi Pass. After dinner, I walked to see the Oeschinenthal, an uninhabited but exceedingly beautiful and romantic valley. The path to it skirts a torrent of the same name, which precipitates itself through a narrow gorge, and, in its progress to the Kander, forms several cascades. This Alpine sanctuary is bounded on all sides by frightful precipices, crested with glaciers, whose glittering pinnacles are reflected in the waters of a beautiful little lake situated in the middle of the valley, or rather ravine, and surrounded by green meadows and clumps of trees. Profound silence, interrupted only by the murmur of distant cascades presides over this beautiful scene, and viewed in the evening sunset it presents a scene of surpassing grandeur. On the east of this gem of a lake rise the Blümlis Alp and the Doldenhorn, both upwards of 11,000 feet high. On the South East, and to the left of the path, is a dark narrow gorge terminating in a glacier, from the upper extremity of which descends the Kander.

This is the entrance to the Gasterthal, a retired and savage valley, but partially inhabited and producing the usual resources of a brief Alpine summer.

From this valley I sauntered leisurely back to Kandersteg, enjoying the cool evening breezes, and after writing a few letters and discussing a bottle of Chablis turned into bed.

CHAPTER VII.

KANDERSTEG TO LEUKERBAD AND VISP.

PASS OF THE GEMMI.

"I leave the sickly haunts of sordid men,
The toil that fetters and the care that kills
The purest feelings of the human breast,
To gaze on nature's lineaments again ;
To find amidst these congregated hills,
Some fleeting hours of quiet thought and rest ;
Tread with elastic step the fragrant sod,
Drink the inspiring breeze and feel myself with God."

July 23rd. Having a Pass of about 8,000 feet in altitude before us, fully a mile and a half of perpendicular height above the sea, I thought the sooner I stuck my alpenstock into the path and laid my back to the work the better, so we rose about 6 o'clock, and after breakfast, started at 7-30 (with some very nice people we had met with) for the Gemmi. This Pass is not very remarkable on the side up which we ascended, its wonders afterwards showed themselves on the descent to Leukerbad. However, after mounting about 600 feet, we were amply repaid by the view up the valley whence we had come the previous evening. Right down the valley below we could trace the windings of the river

Kander, which appeared so close, that we fancied we could almost throw a stone into its waters. The first ascent achieved, we passed the boundary of the Cantons of Berne and Vallais, and began to cross a level plateau, bounding which on our left were the snowy Altels and the black rocky peaks of the smaller Rinderhorn. After crossing this considerable tableland, broken with large stones and pieces of rock, we arrived at a little chalet (with a very big name) the Schwarenbach. It is 7,000 feet above the sea, and was originally only a lonely chalet, but a sad story of murder connected with it has brought it into great notoriety. Werner, the German poet, made it the subject of a tragedy; people came from far and near to see the spot, for whom refreshment was provided, and thus it became a little inn, whose shelter and good cheer we gladly availed ourselves of. The host seems glad of visitors, as well he may in this lone spot.

After having some cheese and bread and a bottle of delicious beer, we again started. After another two miles of gradual ascent, we came to the Dauben See, a little lake supplied from the neighbouring mountains, and which, in spite of its altitude, contains some excellent trout. Soon after passing this lake we arrived at the Col or summit of the Gemmi Pass, 7,600 feet above the sea. And here what shall I say? Words seem to fail; the wondrous view beggars all description. Murray says it one of the grandest even in Switzerland.

Climbing a rock on our left, we stood on the edge of a sheer precipice, whence we looked straight down thousands of feet into the great gorge of the Dala. Leukerbad

lay as if right under our feet, its little white houses, like bird-cages, and its gardens, orchards and fields seemed planned or mapped out as if on a chart, the Dala threading its way down to the great Rhone Valley, beyond which stretched out before us, forty miles distant, was a magnificent panorama of the Alps, including Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, Mischabelhörner, Breithorn, &c., and a grand chain of others, whose peaks were sharp and clear against the beautiful azure sky. Vast heights above—vast depths below—pretty chalets on the mountain sides—immeasurable ravines on every hand. How marvellous was this place. We could have taken a plumb-line and let it hang for 1,800 feet over the edge of the precipice and it would not have touched the rocks below. How then were we to get to the village of Leukerbad—no descent could have been made, but for the engineering skill which in 1786 constructed a pathway that took five years of unceasing labour to complete. A zigzag groove, cut out of the rock by blasting and other means, a mere shelf as it were, in many places only three or four feet wide. It was a very striking sight to look back upon the precipice. No path was discernable from below, and the other pedestrians who were following us looked almost like flies on a wall. Our astonishment increased as we walked downwards. The length of the path may be conceived when I tell you it took us nearly two hours walking from the summit to Leukerbad. When we got to the bottom, we looked back and saw the enormous precipice of rock down which we had just come. This Pass is assuredly one of the most remarkable and singular that can be

imagined. It is quite impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of it. It is not there, as in most other passes I have crossed, that your eye is deceived at a distance, then when you come near you discover that what appeared to be one surface, is in fact a divided one, and your path winds between them. There is nothing of this kind at the Gemmi.

When crossing from Leukerbad the immense rock fronts you, its lofty crags rise right up and in some places overhang the depths below, and it was down that rock our path had lain. When we got to the village of Leukerbad, we went to the Hotel Belle Vue, where we got some tea, and ordered a carriage to take us on to Visp, and then went out to see the Baths and walk round this pretty little place.

Formerly there used to be but a few scattered chalets over the beautiful green pastureland, which lies at the head of this valley, nearly encircled by hills of the Bernese Oberland, but the warm mineral springs which abound here obtained such celebrity, as to draw invalids hither, and of course, as a necessary consequence, this led to the building of hotels, *pensions*, &c. We went into one of the principal bath houses to see the unhappy patients. Only conceive what these poor creatures have to undergo in one day. They have to sit or stand in steaming hot water for four hours in a morning and ditto in the afternoon. Eight hours out of twenty-four in steaming hot water. The room into which we went was a long and tolerably lofty one, along it there ran a broad platform, with the wall on one side and a light railing on the other. On the other side of this

railing, with a pathway between them, were two immense square trenches about eight feet deep. The water is kept at a level of about four and a half feet, and in these sat or lounged some thirty human beings, before each of whom was a square piece of wood floating in the water, upon which some were playing chess, others cards and dominoes, and some sipping coffee. We were glad to get out of the hot moist atmosphere, and so went back to the hotel and started in a carriage for Visp. Our road lay down the magnificent Gorge of the Dala. Here we went over mountain fragments, under rocky heights, crossing and re-crossing the stream which dashed along the bottom of the ravine, in one case 160 feet below the bridge over which we crossed. As we whisked round some of the corners and down the steep inclines, we almost feared our "*cocher*" would urge the horses over the edge into the deep glen below. This is one of the finest rides you can possibly enjoy, nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery on both sides, our attention being demanded at every turn of the road by some new phase of natural beauty. At last we reached the filthy town of Leuk, and the tame and unhealthy Rhone valley burst upon our view, fifty miles in length, stretching away on both hands, to the right to Martigni, St. Bernard and Mont Blanc, and to the left by the celebrated Simplon Pass into Italy. The arrowy Rhone intersecting it winding among its farms and vineyards down by the old castles of Sion to Lake Leman itself.

Leuk, at which we had arrived, is a small dirty and unimportant place of about 700 inhabitants. Another mile and we were on the great Simplon road, on

reaching which we turned to the left and hastened towards Susten and Visp. Our first stopping place was Tourtemagne, where our cocher and horses had some refreshment and we again started on this dusty road. Soon, however, some very heavy looking clouds which had been hanging about for the last hour came overhead, and discharged a very heavy shower, which, with the clouds of dust in which we were nearly smothered, did not contribute to our enjoyment. Visp, although a very uninteresting place, seemed very attractive to us that night. We drove to the Hotel de la Poste, where we ordered rooms, and after washing some of the dreadful dust from a few of the "seven million of pores" sat down to a capital dinner.

Our plan on leaving home was to cross the Simplon to the Italian Lakes, and to visit the lovely Val Anzasca, but hearing such accounts of the dreadful heat, and the the only diligence passing by Visp being at one o'clock in the morning, we abandoned the idea and resolved to go with our friends next morning to Zermatt.



CHAPTER VIII.

VISP TO ZERMATT.

“Who first beholds those everlasting clouds—
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable ;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to Heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?”

July 24th. We were on our way about 7 o'clock. Our track left Visp on the right bank of the river, mounting very gently to Stalden, as that village is only 300 feet above Visp, and the distance between these two places is five miles. The road from Visp to Zermatt is replete with interest, and varied by magnificent rocks, waterfalls and glacier streams. On both sides of the valley are beautiful vineyards, and the wild flowers announced a climate contrasting widely with the region of snow and ice in which both branches of this valley terminate. The mountains rise very steeply on both sides, and the snowy peak of the Balferin became visible soon after leaving Visp. About three miles and a half from Visp we crossed the valley, and amid scenery

constantly increasing in beauty soon reached Stalden, where we rested for a few minutes. We visited the Charnel-house, where, heaped up on both sides of the interior of the building, were some 200 or 300 human skulls, many of which had the hair on, and others full sets of teeth. After leaving this village, our path made several very steep ascents, and crossed and re-crossed the valley finally keeping on the left bank of the stream. Most of the way between Stalden and St. Nicolaus, we perceived a great change in the climate and vegetation of the valley. Soon after leaving Stalden the rain came down in torrents and continued to do so the whole way to St. Nicolaus. We arrived there about a quarter past twelve o'clock, had a good but very expensive luncheon, and started after an hour and a half's rest in a small springless vehicle for Zermatt. The carriage road to Zermatt has been open a few years now, but the people of Visp, with a spirit of ignorant rapacity characteristic of this canton, oppose its completion as far as that place in order that strangers may be forced to sleep in their dirty and unhealthy village. When starting from St. Nicolaus the weather turned out finer though very cloudy. Above this town the scenery increased in grandeur. The rocky walls on both sides became higher and steeper, and at intervals the snowy summits of the Breithorn and the little Matterhorn were seen at the head of the valley, but the more imposing peaks were concealed from view. At Randa, a small village between St. Nicolaus and Zermatt, the rain began again and continued the remainder of the way to Zermatt. On reaching our destination, the first

thing we did was to enquire for beds at the Hotel du Mont Rose, which turned out to be crowded, six beds having to be made up in the *salon*. We next tried the Hotel du Mont Cervin, with the same result, but the landlord very kindly offered to procure us beds at the Curé's chalet. When we got there, oh, such a place! the door was so narrow and low that it took some contriving to get into the house at all. It was a very low square room, on one side of which was a filthy looking old woman, standing over the fire frizzling something for the evening meal. Opposite this fireplace were two miserable looking beds, nothing better than stretchers, these desirable looking resting places were offered us for use during our stay at Zermatt, but you may be sure I declined their kind offer with many thanks and left this fever-suggesting hole to look for more comfortable quarters. After walking about for some time in the pouring rain I espied a sign-board, to which we speedily made our way, and came to a very nice, clean, new-looking inn, the Hotel des Alpes. Here we got two very comfortable rooms, small but very clean, and after having a hot bath, we went down stairs to dinner, which was a very satisfactory meal. The only other persons staying in the hotel were three Germans, and, they not knowing French, we were obliged to limit our conversation to bows and smiles. Bed certainly seemed the most attractive place that wretchedly wet night, so after warming ourselves internally with hot tea, we retired to our respective chambers for the night, and although my bed was very hard, and only about eighteen inches from the ceiling, (which was wood), I soon was in the arms of Somnus.

CHAPTER IX.

ZERMATT.

GORNER GLACIER.

"Far up yon rugged Alp the forest heaves,
Fanned by the breath and flickering in the beam
Of starry skies ! a wilderness of leaves,
'Through which at intervals the glacier stream
Leaps forth in silver."

July 25th. Next morning the rain, which had continued during the whole of the previous night, was as plentiful as ever, and continued until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. After luncheon I started to explore the lower part of the Gorner Glacier. When stood at the door of the hotel, before me, at some distance, rose a vast wall of cliffs crowned with a smooth drapery of snow, from which as from a sea towered the beautiful but fatal Matterhorn in a vast snow streaked pyramid, four thousand feet in vertical height above the snow-fields at its base. Down a ravine on my left, descended a huge mass of ice, not smooth and glittering like the snows above, but rent by innumerable small crevasses. It was to this ice I was going to make my way. After walking through meadows covered with beautiful flowers, I drew near to the ice and stood on a bank of a ravine down

which the mountain torrent rushed and where there is a breeze even on the hottest day. Mounting a little further by the side of the stream, I came to the end of the glacier, which seemed almost buried in stones and *débris*, before me was a cavern in the ice from which the torrent leaped forth to the light of day, the dome-shaped vault closes down upon the water, its pure blue colour deepening in intensity as it contrasts with the turbid stream. The beauty of this blue ice vault almost tempted me to try to gain a footing on some of the rocks which seemed so invitingly placed as stepping stones beneath it, but there is treachery in its siren loveliness. Often without the slightest warning large masses of ice and rock detach themselves from the roof and fall crashing into the stream below, and I was afterwards informed that more than one accident had been the result of an incautious approach. Turning away from this place I walked along the face of the ice, keeping a careful watch upon the stones poised upon the verge of its cliffs, which every now and then came hopping down with sufficient momentum to bring my observation and perhaps life to a close. In passing I also noticed that here and there deep fissures run up into the ice. In this glacier, however, they are neither so large nor so remarkable as in the glaciers of Grindelwald and Rosenlaui, where they extend for a considerable distance into the glacier, in the former case almost completely cutting it in two. Making my way as best I could among these fissures or crevasses, I gained a convenient point from which I could survey a good extent of the glacier, and seating myself, looked around. The rain, however, came on

very suddenly, which made me beat a hasty retreat, thereby putting a stop to further explorations. Dinner over, with the help of "Baedeker" and our worthy landlord (Ignaz Biner, who is the famous Monte Rosa guide) I planned my next day's excursion, and by 9 o'clock was sound asleep in the land where stranger tours are sometimes taken than in the wildest Alps.

Next morning I got up about 8 o'clock, and the weather being so promising, decided to go to the Riffel and Gorner Grat, and if clear and the weather continuing dry, to extend my excursion to the Cima di Jazzi and the Pass of the New Weissthör and to return to Zermatt by the Findelen Glacier and the Fluh Alp.

ASCENT OF THE CIMA DI JAZZI.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime ;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It towered in many an airy head
Height over height—now gay now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled ;
Whose glacier fountains, hid on high,
Let down their rivers from the sky
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale."

July 26th. After a hurried breakfast we started for the Riffel, my guide being Franz Biner, brother to our landlord, he is considered one of the best if not the best guide at Zermatt. Our road lay first on a dirty path on the left bank of the Visp, which river in about fifteen minutes we crossed and ascended through meadow land to a small Chapel, then we mounted more steeply,

and before long entered a large pine forest. We soon obtained a sufficient altitude to look down upon the valley of Zermatt, of which we had a magnificent uninterrupted view. When about half way between Zermatt and the Riffel we came to a small chalet where we had some refreshment, and obtained a very fine view of the peaks between the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn, which seen in the early morning sun were very grand, the bare and stony crags of the wonderful Matterhorn shining like jasper. In about two hours and a half we reached the Riffel Hotel, one of the highest in Europe. Here the snow was three inches and a half thick, a very unusual thing on this mountain at this season of the year. I had a second breakfast here, after which I set out for the Gorner Grat which I soon reached (7-45). The panorama seen from this mountain, which is 10,290 feet above the sea level, is said to be unequalled in the Alps. We were entirely surrounded by glaciers and snow-peaks. This magnificent chain extends from the Matterhorn to the Dent Blanche, innumerable glaciers being visible. The upper part of the Gorner Glacier is a noble object, but its middle and lower parts are in a great measure concealed by the Riffelhorn and other intervening masses, and but a small part of the Findelen Glacier is visible. My impressions of Monte Rosa, snow white from base to summit, scarcely correspond with its great height. As the weather was so beautifully fine, not a cloud being visible save a small white one hanging about the summit of the Matterhorn, I decided to ascend the Cima di Jazzi. This mountain is the highest summit of the ridge connecting the Monte Rosa range with the Saas

Grat, and is 18,300 feet high. So after staying and examining the panorama from the Gorner Grat for a short time, we retraced our steps for a little distance and turned off in the direction of the Gorner Glacier, which we reached at a point called the Gadmen. The ascent commenced, through snow, ankle deep, and though a gradual ascent, it was very fatiguing and after an hour and a half's walk my legs ached very badly. After ascending for some distance on the ice, which was very slippery, the crevasses, though covered with snow, we found to be very wide and deep, so we went a short way back keeping slightly to our right and got on to some rocks at the base of the Stockhorn, here the snow was only just above our boot tops, but we soon got on to the thick snow which extended from thence to the summit. Of course ropes were used and I had also taken the precaution to take a pair of blue spectacles. Several times I turned quite blind and could see not a particle of anything not even my hand before my eyes. After rubbing them with snow for a few seconds they came all right again, but this disagreeable performance was gone through three or four times during the ascent. Soon the snow got thicker and thicker, once we were up to the waist, and had some slight difficulty in extricating ourselves, but we changed our route keeping more to the right, and even then were knee deep for about two hours, so of course our progress was very slow.

The Cima di Jazzi can be ascended in five hours from the Gorner Grat, when there is no fresh snow, but it took us more than seven hours to reach the summit.

About 3-15 we reached the summit, I very much exhausted as you may be sure, having had to toil seven hours and a quarter in the thick snow. When near the summit I noticed that while the side of the Cima facing Zermatt is like a flattened cone, the entire ridge connecting it with Monte Rosa as well as the east side of this great mountain itself, form a continuous range of fearful precipices, which for height, breadth and steepness, are said to be unequalled in the world.

My guide strongly cautioned me against approaching too near the verge of the mountain, as the cap of frozen snow that covers the summit forms a cornice projecting some feet from the rock, and is liable to break away and fall some thousands of feet towards the Macugnaga Glacier. After having some refreshment consisting of hard boiled eggs and wine which we had taken with us, I felt much refreshed and proceeded to examine the vast panorama laid out both before and behind us. Looking towards Zermatt it comprised the greater part of the circuit of peaks forming the panorama of the Gorner Grat; the Matterhorn, Breithorn, &c., being very clear, and cut out as it were against the rich blue sky. It was very strange to see nothing else but snow and ice, whilst down below, on the other side, were the beautiful fields and orchards of the famous Val Anzasca, bringing to my mind a line from a famous poem on Switzerland.

“All below is summer, with us bleak winter reigns.”

Turning round, the smiling plains of Italy were stretched out before us, a wonderful panorama was there, my eye ranged for an enormous distance over the

valley of the Po and the Alpine ranges that enclose the lakes and valleys of Lombardy.

“What land is this that spreads itself before us,
Italy ! Italy !

Land of the Madonna !

How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden of Paradise ! ”

My guide strongly advised I should descend to the summit of the New Weissthör Pass, to which proposal as my energy was still unexhausted, I assented, and started immediately. The Pass of the New Weissthör was found by a Chamois hunter in 1845, and the first Englishman who effected it was a Mr. Hall, with a Grindelwald guide in the year 1849, and in 1850 it was ascended by two English travellers. It lies but a short way north of the Cima di Jazzi. On descending from this mountain we reached a slight depression in the ridge connecting it with the Strahlhorn. After ascending for a short time in snow, knee-deep, on the north side of this depression 11,851 feet above the sea, we reached a point, where in a few steps the scene was changed, as if by magic, instead of toiling over snow-fields with no object visible save boundless fields of *névé* and occasional rocks, we found ourselves on a narrow ledge of rock apparently overhanging a precipice. Below us lay the charming Val Anzasca, said to be the most beautiful valley in the Alps, and the lovely village of Macugnaga, apparently only a stone's throw distant, was grand in the extreme. Oh how truthfully we could exclaim with the poet :

“Oh Italy how beautiful thou art.”

We had now to descend the Weisssthor to get to the Findelen Glacier, this was really the most difficult part of the day's work. We had to walk on a very narrow path a mere (natural) shelf, very uneven, and cut out as it were of the rock, which was almost as steep as a house-side, and owing to the great quantity of snow which had quite covered this rocky ledge, it was very perilous work, and our progress was naturally very slow, the ledge being in many parts only the breadth of my foot. Above us, quite overhanging our path, in many parts by four, five, and six feet, were huge blocks of ice, snow and rock frowning upon us, looking as if they might tumble any minute and hurl us into the depths below. Down below at a depth of some hundreds of feet was a gorge covered with snow, which made us shudder to look down into it, and to prevent us slipping over, we were obliged to keep very close to the rock—here we had a very narrow escape—when walking very slowly leaning close to the rocky wall, we gradually slipped into a depression in the mountain, and were nearly buried in the snow which covered this hole, just then down came an enormous quantity of ice, snow and huge blocks of rock, with a crash making a noise like thunder; had we been ten seconds later we should have been precipitated into that dreadful gulf, where we must have perished in the snow. This unexpected cannonade rather alarmed us, and we breathed more freely when we got to the end of this "*mauvais pas*."

The Findelen Glacier presenting no great difficulty, we soon crossed it and then went by a comparatively easy path over the Fluh Alp to Zermatt.

We arrived at Zermatt about sunset, and I gazed with intense delight upon the Matterhorn, and the immense range of Alpine peaks, as their eternal snows and glaciers became severally illuminated by the rays of the descending luminary.

I must claim your indulgence once more and exclaim with the poet :

“How grand upon the mountain heights,
The sunset's roseate glow ;
Whilst many a lovely valley
Is lost in shade below ;
And rock, and wood, and bright green moss,
Their varying tints supply
Till twinkling stars appear, and gem
The firmament on high.”

And grand it was, for I think I never remember the colours of sunset being brighter.

As dinner was just ready when I arrived at the hotel, I was not long in completing my hurried toilet. The visitors had been augmented during the day, by a lady and gentleman, Americans. It was a great treat to have some one to speak to in English, the others as I said before were Germans. This lady and gentleman were going to leave Zermatt the following morning so we arranged to join in a carriage.



CHAPTER X.

ZERMATT TO MARTIGNI.

“Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter ;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.
Walk with the Beautiful !”

Bennington.

July 27th. Being so tired the previous night, I did not awake the next morning until I was aroused by the boots knocking at my bedroom door and shouting out “quatre heure et demi,” so I jumped out of bed and after dressing, and packing my knapsack, went downstairs to breakfast. We left Zermatt about 6 o'clock. It was very dull and cold the sun not having penetrated the valley. We arrived at S. Nicolaus shortly after eight, and in about half an hour started for Visp. I had unfortunately got a nasty sprain the previous day in descending the Fluh Alp, and it was so painful I could scarcely walk, so was obliged to ride the greater part of the way on my sister's horse. I noticed between St. Nicolaus and Visp some of the largest grasshoppers I ever saw, great green ones, with wings lined with scarlet, they jumped up to fly and then after fluttering a few yards came awkwardly down like winged birds, apparently

quite unable to direct their course. We reached Visp a little before 1 o'clock, and had luncheon. Before luncheon we ordered a carriage to take us to Sierre to catch the 5-30 p.m. (and last) train to Martigni, with the arrangement that should our driver catch the train, we were to pay him thirty francs and if he missed it only twenty francs. The distance is only seventeen miles, level road, and we started at a quarter to three o'clock, allowing two hours and three-quarters, about six miles an hour for two horses, most English horses could have done it in about half the time. We went very well for the first three miles, but gradually slackened our speed, and missed the train, so of course had to stay at Sierre all night. We stayed at the Hotel Bauer, a very good house, finely situated in a handsome garden filled with beautifully scented flowers and shrubs. We rose about 5 o'clock next morning, (July 28th) and after breakfast left by the first train for Martigni. The only interesting place on the way is Sion, which seen at a distance, has a very handsome appearance with its two castles situated on eminences. The environs of Sion are the most beautiful in the entire valley of the Rhone. We noticed a very extraordinary head-dress which is worn by the women, and is peculiar to this town and its vicinity. We reached Martigni about 8-30 and parted with our friends who had come with us from Zermatt. We went in the omnibus to the Hotel Clerc, where we had a second breakfast, after which we started for Chamounix by the Tête Noir Pass, when just clear of the town, the rain came down in torrents, so we immediately turned our

backs on Chamounix for that day, and went back to Martigni where we secured beds for the night.

About 12 o'clock the rain cleared off and a beautiful afternoon followed. After luncheon I went by train to Vernayaz, the next station to Martigni, to see the Gorge du Trient, which is about three-quarters of a mile from the station. This gorge is a narrow ravine through which the waters of the Trient have made their way to join the valley of the Rhone. There is a wooden gallery attached to the precipice, about five feet above the stream, which enables persons to walk to the end of the gorge, about 900 yards. The view at the entrance to this ravine is very imposing. The rocks which are about 420 feet high, approach so closely to each other that the sunshine never penetrates the gully. One of the men at the entrance fired a small cannon which awakened the most deafening reverberations. At the point where we crossed the stream for the second time, the water is forty feet deep. At the extremity of the gorge, the torrent forms a lovely waterfall, thirty feet high; the stream dashing over large stones covered with moss, numerous ferns and other plants were growing from between the rocks, the whole forming a very pleasing picture, which contrasted widely with the barren gallery through which I had just walked. From this gorge I went to see the beautiful Pissevache Cascade, which is a little more than a mile from the Gorge du Trient. The Sallenche, which drains the glaciers of the Dent du Midi, here precipitates itself into the Rhone valley from a height of 200 feet. There is a wooden gallery fixed on the side of the rocks to enable tourists to go to the top of the

falls, but I think the view from below much finer. I arrived at Martigni in time for dinner, after which I made arrangements for crossing the Tête Noire (if fine) the following day.



CHAPTER XI.

MARTIGNI TO CHAMOUNIX.

PASS OF THE TÊTE NOIRE.

“Here beauty and primæval nature dwell,
Ever green forests, fountains ever clear.”

July 29th. Next morning we rose at 7 o'clock, and, after a good breakfast, departed for Chamounix. An old gentleman, whom we had met before on our tour, accompanied us. This route to Chamounix was formerly only a bridle path, but within the last few years has been widened into a carriage road. For nearly two miles we traversed the great St. Bernard route. The morning was lovely, the air redolent with the fragrance of new mown hay in the valley, on both sides of the road. We soon came to the junction of the St. Bernard and Tête Noire routes, we took the one to the right, and in a short time commenced the ascent of La Forclaz. The path, like that in most mountains and passes, is “en zigzag” amongst trees and shrubs, and is a tolerably easy one. After an ascent of six miles we reached La Forclaz, and stayed a short time at the little inn on the summit to bait our horses. This point is the highest part of the Pass. We cast our eyes backwards and saw the whole

Rhone valley extending as far as Sion, and even to the Simplon, which is the post road into Italy ; down below us lay Martigni, and it seemed scarcely possible that it had taken us three hours-and-a-half to reach the point where we were standing, the village looking within a stone's throw. I think this was one of the loveliest views we had in Switzerland. Mrs. Stowe said, "Nothing that I saw anywhere through the Alps impressed me as this did. It seemed to me more like the vision of the land that is very far off, than anything earthly." Every few yards our attention was arrested by new scenes of beauty and grandeur. The Pass of the Tête Noire is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland, and I think no one visiting this glorious country should omit crossing it. There is a combination of all that is grand and beautiful in its scenery. Tremendous precipices frown at each other, like black thunder clouds. Enormous crags of rock, hundreds of feet above us, overhanging our path, made us almost tremble to pass underneath them. Savage cliffs look down from the other side, a roaring torrent rushes on far beneath, while masses of rich verdure fling in wild grace their leafy drapery over the whole gorge. The villages above, thousands of feet from the bottom of the valley, appeared as if floating in the clouds, and snow-covered mountain ridges rose far above these elevated homes of the peasants. We could also see clusters of chalets far below our feet. We could hear the tinkling of bells on the necks of the cattle, and the din of the ever thundering torrent, such were the combinations of rich beauty and savage grandeur that presented themselves at every turn in this enchanting Pass.

After feasting for some hours on this glorious scenery, we arrived at the Tête Noire Hotel, a small inn on the way-side of the Pass, and sometimes called the "Half-way house" between Martigni and Chamounix. Here we stayed and had a feast of another kind, which is generally acceptable in these regions. We stayed about an hour and were again in motion. We soon reached the most picturesque part of the Pass, generally called the "Gallery of the Tête Noire," a tunnel cut through the solid rock, about 200 feet in length. Emerging from this tunnel, we descended into a valley in which the scenery increased in wildness and grandeur. Here our pleasure was suddenly marred by the rain which came down in torrents, and never abated the whole of the remaining part of the way to Chamounix. After a three hours ride in this wretched weather, we arrived at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," at Chamounix, where we got capital bedrooms, and, after changing our clothes, went down to dinner. This was I think the best meal we had had since leaving England, everything was served up in such excellent style.

Next day (July 30th) we were never further than the door, the rain never ceasing the whole of the day. We found some very agreeable people, so "compared notes" and managed to amuse ourselves.



CHAPTER XII.

CHAMOUNIX,

MONTANVERT, MER DE GLACE, CHAPEAU,

LA FLEGERE, LE BREVENT.

“Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill ;
Your legs are young.”

July 31st. The following morning being fine, I determined to ascend to Montanvert, cross the Mer de Glace, and from thence by the Mauvais Pas to the Chapeau and if time to cross the valley and ascend La Flégère, and continue my excursion along the chain to Le Brévent.

I started early, Alpenstock in hand, and for about two miles-and-a-half walked through meadows and pasture land, and then commenced the remaining part of the ascent to Montanvert by a rough craggy path, sometimes winding amidst a wood of firs, and sometimes over a series of steep stairs formed out of the rock. The greater portion of the way is through a forest of fir trees, and as we kept winding and ascending the mountain, we had every now and then beautiful peeps at the valley below. The morning was very fine, but very hot, and so my progress was rather slow. At length I reached Montanvert, the scene that there burst upon my view

was very grand, and which I shall not soon forget.

From the extremity of a plateau on one side, I looked down on the great Mer de Glace, that had the appearance of a frozen sea, whose waves in their heaving had been clasped in an icy death; while, on the other side, by moving a few steps, I looked upon the lovely bright green valley of Chamounix. What astonishing variety, what contrast in the spectacle, far, far beneath me, a smiling verdant valley, watered by a river, with chalets, fields, gardens, summer flowers and grassy meadows. Chamounix with its large hotels, and numbers of pretty Chalets; far above me, savage and inaccessible crags of ice and granite, wild and desolate; and here, at my very feet, a cataract of stiffened billows stretching far away beyond my sight. On the opposite side of this sea of ice, enormous *aiguilles* or needles of rock, from 10,000 to 13,000 feet in height, shoot into the sky, and form objects of singular sublimity. No snow can cling to these jagged spires, and they rise in beautiful contrast to the eternal snows beneath. On the other side of the valley of Chamounix, I could see La Flegere and Le Brevent, two mountains of considerable height, both of which I afterwards ascended, and from whose summits I had a grand view of the whole Mont Blanc range. I rested half-an-hour in the inn at Montanvert and then proceeded on my journey. I met three ladies from our hotel here, they were going the same round, so we all started together. We scrambled down the cliff by a very rugged path to the glacier, a depth of about sixty feet, and pursued our course on the icy stream. The guides have, by cutting steps in the ice, formed a tolerably good path

across the glacier, which, with a little care, is easily traversed. Having reached the opposite shore and got clear of the ice, our road for some distance was very rugged, over rocky steeps, granite crags, and zigzag passes, running parallel with the glacier, though at times a considerable height above it. Having traversed this rugged path for about half-an-hour, we came to the upper end of the "Mauvais Pas," or dangerous pass, which is a pathway from eighteen to twenty inches in width, and about a quarter-of-a-mile in length, extending from the Chapeau, a precipice at the base of the Aiguilles du Bochard, which overhangs the lower part of the Mer de Glace, to a wider and a perfectly safe path higher up the mountain. This narrow pass is a shelf formed on the side of an almost perpendicular rock; its course is a very zigzag one, up and down. Below, at a distance of some hundreds of feet, is the glacier, near to that point where it falls into the valley, above are frowning pinnacles, towering upwards several thousand feet. There is a strong iron hand rail the entire length of the pass, fastened to the rock by holdfasts set in lead, so that by grasping the rail with your hand the danger is not so great as is often represented. Yet too much caution cannot be exercised, for one false step and into eternity you go. On reaching the lower end of the pass, we were glad to step on to a safer and broader pathway; and there stood to view the exceedingly beautiful scenery. On the opposite side of the Mer de Glace, we saw to great advantage the Aiguilles de Blétière, immense peaks of rock and snow, nearly 12,000 feet high, while far below our feet, at the base of the rocky eminence on

which we stood, the Glacier des Bois, with its icy pinnacles assumed a thousand fantastic shapes and appearances. Here we went into a chalet built on the edge of a rock, for the accommodation of tourists in the summer season, and, after partaking of some refreshment, descended the mountain by a winding path, available for mules, to the height of 2000 feet above the valley. When we reached the valley the three ladies returned to Chamounix, and I crossed it to ascend La Flégère. This is a tolerably easy excursion, involving an ascent of two-and-a-half hours, by a good path in the usual zigzag fashion. From the summit, 5925 feet, I had a grand view of the whole Mont Blanc range, and the valley of Chamounix, from the Col de Balme to the Col de Voza. Being exactly opposite the Mer de Glace, I had a magnificent view of the cluster of pinnacles, whose highest summit is the Aiguille Verte, and they are generally believed to be seen to greater perfection from the Flégère than any other spot near Chamounix. When at the chalet on the summit, I learnt that I could easily combine a visit to the Brévent with the Flégère, being able to reach the Planpraz in two hours from the Flégère. So I secured the services of a guide and started immediately, after decending towards Chamounix for a quarter-of-an-hour, we turned to the right, and after a very pleasant climb amongst pine trees, and through meadows, arrived at Le Brévent. This summit, standing just opposite the Glacier des Bossons, offers the very finest view of the north side of Mont Blanc. The view from Le Brévent I think vastly superior to that from La Flégère. I had

only a limited time to stay on the summit, so after thoroughly looking at the various summits and glaciers visible from this point, I descended as quickly as I could, and reached the hotel just in time for dinner. Never did a table d'hôte present more attractions, and never was a rest from toil more acceptable than that which I enjoyed when I arrived once more at our hotel. These Swiss dinners on the whole are very good, and if you can only refrain from thinking about the frogs and snails there is much about them to please the taste.



CHAPTER XIII.

CHAMOUNIX.

CASCADES DES PELERINES AND DU DARD, AND ASCENT
TO LE JARDIN.

“Rude is the path thou’st yet to go,
Snow-cliffs hanging o’er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
O’er yon ice bridge lies thy way,
Now for the risk prepare thee,
Though ’twill melt in morning’s ray.”

August 1st. I started next morning about 4-30 for the Cascade des Pelerines, this cascade was formerly much frequented as one of the most beautiful of waterfalls. The torrent descending in a single bound struck a projecting mass of rock and shot forward forming in the air an immense solid arch some forty feet high. The fall of some mass from above broke the rock and so spoiled the waterfall. The guides of Chamounix (fearing lest the fame of their valley should suffer) placed another stone in its place, but the falls are now only on a very petty scale to what they once were. I next visited the Cascade du Dard, which is within a few hundred yards of the Pelerines, it is beautifully situated and is much better worth seeing than the Pelerines in

its present condition. From this gem of a waterfall I returned to Chamounix and after a hurried breakfast left with a guide for le Jardin. The first thing to do going to the Jardin, is to ascend to Montanvert, the ascent of which I have already described. I reached Montanvert shortly before 8 o'clock, had some refreshment and then went on. The path, a tolerably easy one, was at first along a slope above the glacier, but when we reached a point called Les Ponts it became rather difficult, lying along the face of very steep rocks. After an hour's walking on this path we descended to the ice. We now traversed the glacier diagonally below the junction of the Glacier de Lechaud with the Glacier du Géant. On the way we crossed four medial moraines, corresponding to as many points of junction between the separate ice streams that make up the Mer de Glace. Advancing along the Glacier de Lechaud, we noticed that this is formed by the union of one branch from the north base of the Grandes Jorasses and the adjoining peaks with the Glacier de Taléfre, issuing from a narrow opening to the east and forming a magnificent ice cataract before it reaches the level of the main Glacier de Lechaud. To gain the upper level of the Glacier de Taléfre, which was the object of our excursion, our way lay by the opposite side of the ice-fall of the Glacier de Taléfre, partly by ice and partly by moraine, and after a fatiguing walk we reached le Jardin. We really seemed to have passed the confines of the globe and to have entered into another world, so wholly different was everything around. The intense blue of the sky, the strange glare of the unsullied snow, the solemn stillness around, the

great sea of ice stretched out at our feet, the three vast glaciers of Taléfre, Lechaud and du Géant glistening in the sun, all being visible at once, shut in by lofty mural precipices, combined to form a scene of the most surpassing grandeur, a scene never to be forgotten. The weather was superb, not a cloud in the heavens being visible. The ideas excited by the name Jardin (garden) at first caused me some disappointment. It is in fact a steep rock, in a great part bare, though here and there Alpine flowers bloom luxuriantly during the short summer (often not more than six weeks) when the surface is clear of snow. The base of the rock is 9,144 feet and the summit 9,893 feet above the sea.

“What is really impressive here is the position of this patch of rock in the midst of a world that has so little in common with ordinary experience. The mountaineer who is used to roam in the upper region of the Alps, may often find himself in some similar solitude, entirely cut off from the lower inhabited world, where nothing but ice, snow, and rocks met the eye ; but rarely can he see this strange region on so great a scale, and so completely isolated as here. The distance in a direct line to the summit of Mont Blanc is about nine miles, and throughout that distance, and on either side, there is no spot that exhibits traces of life, animal, or vegetable. The tokens of destruction, the fall of rocks or of blocks of ice, or the gentler murmur of the rivulets that flow from the melting snow, and by their unceasing energy complete the process of decay, are the only witnesses to the presence of living force in this wilderness.” A short distance from our path lay the Seracs de Taléfre, they

are the finest I ever saw, lofty pyramids of blue ice, which have a very singular effect. They received the name of Seracs from the Swiss from their resemblance to the cracked surface of a mass of curd. On our way home, we stayed a few minutes to inspect a "*moulin*," or in other words a beautiful cascade falling into a deep chasm of the ice fed by innumerable rivulets, streams, and watercourses, formed by the melting of the surface of the glacier during the heat of the mid-day sun, but all of which towards night-fall becomes still and tranquil and silent as the grave. Nothing perhaps strikes one more than this, particularly in the upper portion of a glacier. No sooner is the sun down than a thin coating of ice immediately covers the surface of all the running streams which become apparently, to all external appearance, stagnant. It is, however, but "the death of each day's life," "Great Nature's second course" for the morrow's sun will assuredly set all in motion again. The return to Chamounix from the Jardin was speedily accomplished. The object had been attained and the whole was a continuous descent, except where the moraine had to be ascended to reach the starting point, the little inn at Montanvert. We rested there a few minutes, but the setting sun warned us to return to Chamounix ere the darkness would render the path through the fir forest difficult and dangerous. We arrived at Chamounix just in time for dinner, for which meal I had a famous appetite. Having visited the Jardin, I have written on the "table of my memory" and within "the book and volume of my brain" the record of a scene so novel and so sublime, and of a character so elevating that no time can ever efface it.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAMOUNIX.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !
Unspeakable ! who sit'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

August 2nd. The next day was Sunday, and I having promised to play the harmonium at the church, got up early and had a good practice before breakfast. We had morning service at 10-30. The clergyman, who was a very mild easy-going old gentleman of the ultra "Low Church" school, preached a good plain sermon, taking for his text the magnificent range of mountains connected with Mont Blanc, but the services were neither so well conducted, nor so hearty as at the little Church at Meyringen. After service we had luncheon and then walked across the valley to see the lovely Cascade de Blaitiere, which although not of great size is one of the prettiest waterfalls I ever saw. We had afternoon service at 4-30 p.m., after which we had another stroll which gave us an appetite for the capital dinner which was in store for us. Nowhere in Switzerland had we better living nor

were we more comfortable than at the Hotel d'Angleterre at Chamounix. Dinner being over and the evening delightfully fine, we promenaded the terrace of the hotel from which we had a magnificent panorama of Alpine scenery. The setting sun had thrown his crimson hues upon the uppermost peaks and summit of Mont Blanc, which looked like a "giant flushed with wine," and there in all its dazzling splendour a great Alpine range stood before us. The Glacier des Bossons, the Grands Mulets, and the vast snow depths and recesses of the mountains, were all revealed bathed in a flood of crimson light, which crept higher and higher, chased upwards by the purple shadows of the night. We remained on the terrace until the shades of night fell as a mantle upon Mont Blanc and hid its higher regions from our view. The words of the poet were impressed upon our minds :

" So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary sleep array'd
All the giant mountains sleep.
High in heaven their monarch stands,
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into distant lands
Like a new created star."

Before retiring to rest I secured two seats in the diligence for the next morning to Geneva.



CHAPTER XV.

CHAMOUNIX TO GENEVA.

“Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect.”

August 3rd. Next morning at 7 o'clock we left Chamounix by diligence for Geneva, a distance of about fifty miles. The morning was very dull, and for the first half hour a drizzling rain fell, but soon the sky brightened and a fine warm day followed. Passing the Cascade des Pelerines, the Glacier des Bossons and the village of Les Ouches, we turned and lost sight of a great part of the valley of Chamounix. After several miles ride we commenced the descent of the Montets, down which rugged steep we walked, and the scenery being so magnificent we quite enjoyed the change. On one side of the road was the deep sombre ravine, at the bottom of which the Arve rushed with great rapidity, while on the other side were towering heights covered with pine trees and rocky battlements. Nine miles from Chamounix we reached the pretty village of Servoz where we baited the horses for half-an-hour. There was a village fair being held there and we were much amused at the peep shows, and sweet stalls, &c., which were arranged in the main street. From Servoz we had about three miles of winding road, gently ascending, which led us to the village of Chéde.

About half way between this latter place and Sallenches we made a divergence from the main road and went to the celebrated baths of St. Gervais, which are situated amidst grand scenery and whose waters have similar properties to those of Leukerbad. We reached Sallenches between 10 and 11 o'clock, and stayed a short time to change horses. Between Sallenches and St. Martin we had a magnificent view of "Europe's loftiest Altar place," Mont Blanc, which was the last distinct view we obtained, so we took care not to miss it. The road from St. Martin was capital and the scenery though less grand than that amidst which we had lately moved, was still by no means uninteresting. One of the most striking features during the first few miles was the fine fall of Arpenaz. Though not a large body of water it has much beauty and bears some resemblance to the Staubbach. It is the largest waterfall in the whole district.

Eleven miles from Sallenches we reached Cluses which is very romantically situated on the Arve. It was burnt down some years ago, but has been re-built, and now carries on a very flourishing trade in the manufacture of watches. From Cluses, after another eight miles drive; we reached Bonneville, it lies at the foot of the Môle and the Brezon, both between 5,000 and 6,000 feet in height. It has suffered much from inundations caused by the overflow of the Arve; but the king of Sardinia having directed the construction of works for their protection, the inhabitants erected a column nearly 100 feet in height, surmounted by a statue, as a mark of their gratitude. This column lying not far from the

road, we had an opportunity of seeing it. The remaining seventeen or eighteen miles to Geneva have no characteristics that require remark ; the road passes through Nangy, Annemasse, and Chêne to Geneva. My first impression of this fine city was very favourable. From the diligence office we took a carriage to the Hotel de Russie, where we secured rooms, and after refreshing ourselves with a wash, had some luncheon. After we had satisfied the "inner man" we went out to see some of the sights of Geneva. This city is beautifully situated on the lake of the same name, close to the river Rhone. Mrs. Stowe said, when writing of Geneva, "This lovely place will ever leave its visage on my heart, mountains embrace it, strength and beauty are its habitation." We first walked on the Quai close to the lake and were much struck with the scene opened out before us, the beauty of the city with its elegant buildings and hotels, which skirt the shore on either side of the lake itself, and the clearness of its bright blue waters as they are seen for a long distance much delighted us. We visited the Cathedral, built in 1124, the place where Calvin preached the canopy of his pulpit still remains. We also visited the fine Russian Church and walked through the Botanic Gardens and then returned to dinner. After dinner we had another walk by the side of the lake enjoying the cool evening breezes. At dusk we were much pleased with the beautiful effects of the lamps on the lake.

Having decided to make the tour of the lake the next day, after ascertaining the time of departure of the steamers we retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAKE OF GENEVA.

CASTLE OF CHILLON, &c.

“Clear placid Leman, thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.”

Byron.

August 4th. Next morning we rose about 6 o’clock. Whilst at breakfast the bell of our steamer warned us to hurry on board, and in a few minutes we were steaming away on the far-famed lake. This lake (the largest in Switzerland) differs from most other lakes by its waters being of such a rich clear blue colour, the others being of a greenish hue. It lies high, being 1,155 feet above the level of the sea, and receives into its bosom the waters of forty rivers or streams. The entire length of the lake is about fifty-six miles, its width varies from one-and-a-half to nine miles; and its area is 260 square miles. Soon after leaving Geneva, for many miles we passed numbers of beautiful chateaux on each side of the lake, belonging to many of the French nobility, one of the most noticeable was that belonging to Baron Rothschild, one belonging to Prince Napoleon also attracted our attention. We had a great number of passengers on board including a

great many Swiss and a sprinkling of English, French, Italians and Americans, who all seemed to vie with one another in talking their loudest. It being market day at Rolle, a great many of our fellow passengers disembarked there. As we steamed along the scenery kept increasing in sublimity, the Jura range of mountains on the west and the far distant peaks of the Great St. Bernard on the east assumed a thoroughly Swiss aspect as we pursued our way. Passing a succession of fine scenery we reached Lausanne, perched upon its pedestal of a rock, with the Cathedral towers and little moss-covered castle showing above the houses, it presented a very imposing scene. At Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, we were much pleased with the elegant Hotel de Beau Rivage, with its spacious lawns and ornamental walks stretching down to the verge of the lake. There were a number of pleasure boats on the lake, many of them being sculled by women, we also noticed the graceful lateen or "goose wing" sail (as they are called on the Scotch lakes) which had a very picturesque appearance. After another hour's sail from Ouchy we reached Vevey, a beautiful and picturesque town close to the north shore of the lake. It is a very favourite place of resort for tourists and contains many English residents. The scenery around Vevey is grand and imposing, being in close proximity to mountains which rise in grandeur on the opposite shore. We now discerned the outlines of Alpine giant heights capped with their eternal snows, and the scenery particularly on our right became wild and rugged. At Veytaux Chillon (at which place we arrived about 12 o'clock) we left the steamer (and after

ordering luncheon at the hotel to be ready for us on our return) walked to the castle of Chillon, which is about a mile from the steamboat landing. The road runs very near the lake, of which we had beautiful views, the morning was dreadfully hot and the road so dusty that it rather deteriorated from our enjoyment. The castle of Chillon stands on an isolated rock at a distance of about sixty-five feet from the shore, with which it is connected by a wooden bridge. On arriving at the castle we crossed the bridge and entered within its gloomy walls. A girl took us round to see the various places and objects of interest such as the dungeons, armoury, oubliette, and chapel, we also inspected the name of "Milor Byron" cut on one of the stone pillars, though not as is often supposed on the same pillar to which Bonnivard was fastened. In the dungeons are eight pillars, to these pillars the prisoners were fettered; on the pavements we saw two footsteps which were shown as those of Bonnivard, which brought those exquisite lines of Byron's to our mind, where he says :

"Chillon, thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard !—may none those marks efface
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Above one of the entrances to the castle we noticed the following words, which were inscribed by the Bernese in 1643, "Gott der Herr segne den Ein-und Ausgang" (May God bless all who come in and go out).

The castle of Chillon is now used as a magazine for military stores. We had a pleasant walk back to Veytaux Chillon, which place after rather a hurried luncheon we left in the return steamer for Geneva.

We had a delightful journey back to Geneva, and were very much pleased with the lovely scenery of the lake. Passing Lausanne and two or three other celebrated towns on its banks, we could not help thinking how many great names are associated with this exquisite lake and of whom Byron in his "Childe Harold" thus gives expression to his feelings of admiration :

"Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon and De Stael
Leman ! these names are worthy of thy shore ;
Thy shore of names like these, wert thou no more
Their memory thy remembrance would recall :
To them thy banks were lovely as to all
But they have made them lovelier, for the love
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous."

We arrived at Geneva at 6 o'clock, rather tired, but much pleased with our excursion. After dinner we called upon some friends who we heard were in Geneva. After a long chat with them we went home and as a natural consequence went to bed.



CHAPTER XVII.

GENEVA TO PARIS.

"My steps are turned to England, yet I sigh
 To leave the Switzer's blue and balmy sky ;
 I fain would linger 'mid her hills and plains,
 Their living beauties or their bright remains.

* * * * *

My steps are turned to England, and oh, shame
 To son of her, who thrills not at that name,
 Call'd by the inspiring sound, before my eyes
 My home's lov'd scenes, my country's glories rise,
 The free and mighty land that gave me birth,
 Her moral beauty and her public worth,
 All that can make the patriot bosom swell,
 Yet one more sigh—bright Switzerland, Farewell."

August 5th. Next day we spent in Geneva, walking by the side of the lovely lake, and amusing ourselves in various ways, and thoroughly making it a rest day.

The following morning (August 6th) we left Geneva about 6 o'clock, *en route* for Paris and England.

"And now farewell to Switzerland, perhaps
 For ever ! Yet, methinks, I could not go,
 I could not leave it, were it mine to say
 'Farewell for ever,' many a courtesy
 That sought no recompense, and met with none
 But in the swell of heart with which it came
 Have I experienced."

August 7th. To make a long tale short we arrived in Paris (after a most tedious and fatiguing journey) next morning at 4 o'clock. We took a cab to our hotel. I did not go to bed, but wrote some letters, and then strolled down the Boulevards of this "City of cities." We stayed seven days in Paris, visiting most of the places of interest in and about it, including a day at the ever-attractive Palace and grounds of Versailles, and another at the once magnificent but now ruined Palace of St. Cloud. We met some very pleasant people at our hotel, and also met with an old friend from York, and were delighted to hear some "Good news from home." One of the most interesting visits we made during our stay in the Imperial or rather (now) Republican city, was to the beautiful cemetery of Pere la Chaise, the national burying place of France. Starting from the Colonne de Juillet we proceeded down a long, narrow and very dirty street, with shops on both sides, nearly all of which were for the sale of wreaths of immortelles, crosses and various other ornaments to put on the graves, and which are so common in every French burying ground; this street led us to the *barriere*, close to which is this beautiful cemetery. This place has charms apart from its sacredness. The ground is a series of hill and dale and improved as it is by art, it forms one of the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood of Paris. We wandered about for some time amongst the thousands of tombs and chapels which are placed very close together and nearly fill the ground. It has been estimated that the stones of which these tombs are composed, would build a city capable of

accommodating sixty thousand people. Many a brave warrior is at rest beneath the soil of this cemetery, and we read the names of many French statesmen on tablets and monuments around us, which brought those beautiful lines from Gray's Elegy into our minds :

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

One thing every visitor to this cemetery looks for, that is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, a grave which (as Mark Twain says) has been more revered, more widely known, more written and sung about and wept over than any other in christendom save only that of our Saviour. In the grounds we saw numbers of people going to adorn the tombs of their relatives and friends with crosses and garlands, and not a few knelt in silent prayer.



CHAPTER XVIII.

PARIS TO YORK.

CONCLUSION.

“Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger,—yet farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene—
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal shoon, and scallop shell :
Farewell, with him alone may rest the pain,
If such were there—with you, the moral of his strain.”

Byron.

August 15th. After spending seven days in this “Queen of Cities,” we started for home by the express tidal service, which left Paris at 6-35 in the morning, via Calais and Dover. We had a very rough passage across the channel, and arrived in London about seven o’clock. At half-past eight we left King’s Cross, arriving at the good old town of York at one o’clock the following morning (August 16th), after one of the most delightful tours it is possible to have in the same space of time.

I need scarcely tell you that I returned delighted, edified, and bettered beyond measure by the journey. This tour is to the mind what sunshine is to the flower,

what water is to the fountain. It expands and calls into being all that is loveliest in it; creates never-failing streams of happy flowing recollections, and is indeed "a thing of beauty" "and a joy for ever." But there are people who would not see these places as I have described them; it all depends on the taste of the traveller; according to his powers of appreciation, so will his enjoyment be limited, or should he encounter wet and gloomy weather, it may cause him to look unfavourably upon sights that he might have otherwise enjoyed, and deny to him many magnificent views which the continual sunshine and clear blue sky with which we were blessed gave us.

Now my dear readers who have accompanied me through my second "Swiss Round," our trip is over, my Knapsack is unpacked, and my Alpenstock laid by (I hope) in readiness for another tour. Weak and "seedy" at starting, I came back feeling (as the author of the "Regular Swiss Round" has it) that I had yet a vein of boyhood's health left in me, and now I can only hope that I may at least have conveyed some faint impression of the scenes I enjoyed myself to those who have never seen them, and touched not unpleasantly a few familiar reminiscences of Alpine walks, in those who are acquainted with Switzerland. So that

"When time who steals our hours away
Shall steal our pleasures too;
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."

Moore.





